- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOM

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

WELCOME! BY ARCHEY CAMERON NEW Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LD Gettysburg, after half cen-tury of comfortable, sluggish peace again took o na martial as-Of in the direction of Clip's Hill, Little Round Top, and the other renowned parts of the historic bateffeld, the last notes of "mess call" sad, a half hour before, died upon the air and now, for a Saturday night unta in the town, hundreds of khaki clad figures wended their way down the road turning past the post office to the town square, where hundreds of lights, proclaiming their readiness for the evening, blazed their commerpial welcome to the host. Some ran, some walked, some moved listlessly, as if merely to a goal where they might abide the time between mess

and taps. Among the latter were Corporal Arthe Ewing and Harry Adkins, of his quid, his inseparable companion.
They stood in front of the window of the largest store in the square—the mecca for the thirsty troops—and gazed idly at the citizen populace, male and female, who strolled lace, male and female, who strolled by, singly and in groups, the girls tossing their heads proudly away, as now and then a friendly smile crossad some soldiers features. And never a smile of welcome, never a cherry word of greeting reached the eyes or pars of these two lonesome lads, who month before, had left their bright, theery homes to defend their countrys honor. It was as if a foreign legion had entered the town, their presence suffered, instead of acclaimed. And Ewing looked around at the lights and flowing streamers, with their printed lifeless greeting of "Welcome-U. S. A." then turned to Adkins with a

"Welcome," he sneered. "To our ourses—not to us. Harry, I'm ilck of it! I'm nearly dead for a talk with a girl—I haven't seen one to talk to since I left home. What's the matter with me, Harry? Is it my fault? Am I acting like a bum, or what?" -not to us. Harry, I'm

"Nah!" growled the other, with a hoarse laugh. "It's not you, Arth-it's your awful uniform. The bar's down on everybody. The girls aren't allowed to associate with us. We're taboo. But why worry—t'hell with th' skirts. Come on in—I'll blow you to a bananna royal."

When dances exquisitely and sing moderate well as accentuate beauties.

Don't let anyone dress your nair in a fluffy mass if you have a large head. Don't part and comb your hair down over your cars after you are

Harry's side with increased rancor. French knot. in moody silence they left the place. She could n in moody silence they left the place, and sauntered slowly back to the camp. Ewing refused his friend's cherry invitation for a little "poker"

French knot.

She could not do this if her hair did not grow irregularly about her face—
(it will be seen by the picture that she if you would be heautiful, is my unhas a pronounced "widow's peak" in compromising reply. and retired to his cot

The following day being Sunday and their last rest day in camp, it was announced that they might have the day thur, with a bundle, already starting road.

giving the bundle a curious glauce.

Nowhere are the skies so blue as in

sunshiny afternoons I have a feeling

a sigh of prodigious content and re-

mark as if to himself, "I feel as though

When I awoke this morning I had

this feeling of buoyancy and happiness

which seemed to take in the whole

like the sudden cloud that shuts down

over the mountains, rearing them-

elves up into the blue and gold and

blackens for a moment the landscape.

I rushed into Dick's room and found

im awake. He looked up with a smile,

"Haven't got the sleep out of your tyes, have you, Margie?" he said. "You

ook, with your burnished hair tum-

bling off your shoulder like a little gira

Dick, if it were not terrible to wish

Dick laughed and stretched out his

ms to me, "That is not wishing me

. It is no hardship for me to be sick

hen you are with me. It just seems

perfectly glorious dream from which

will have to wake soon, but gosh, how

"Do you feel better this morning. "I feel perfectly well, Margie, and I

"Had you not better wait until the "Doctor? Doctor? What doctor? am not going to have a doctor out "Yes, dear boy, you had a doctor last ight when you were unconscious." Was I unconscious last night?" "You were, from the time we reachthe top of the mountains until you ere placed in bed. You came to at inervals and talked to me, but in such weak voice I had to bend my face lown to your lips to hear what you

"Do it now," 'said Dick with a grin. ent down and kissed him. From the

mything so very terrible now, Mar-

isk the fairles to keep you ill."

you, I would almost be tempted to

nes fairy tale."

shall hate to do it."

hink I'll get up."

rare saying."

But immediately the thought of Dick put fear into my heart. It was

I'd like to kiss everybody."

Someway when I get to this land of sweet song.

salad of which he was particularly stronger.

When he had eaten as much as

hung out to dry.

fond

Los Angeles, little book, is one of my look in his face I knew all unhappy,

memory

Beauty Lessons From Lite

Take a Lesson from Frances White Says Idah M'Glone Gibson.



This is the seventh of a series of the middle of her forchead. articles analyzing the .famous '1-1 erican beauties, written

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON Beauty Expart of the Daily Blank, and straight back in this way. Author of "Confesions of a Wife."

th' skirts. Come on in—I'll blow you is the Folles and Frolics.

Frances White's great bid for favor store silently, but his soul seethed with rebellion. Then he bought another check from the pretty cashier and made a perfunctory remark about "a nice evening." He received a frown for his pains, and went back to Hearry's side with increased rancor.

Is the Folles and Frolics.

Frances White's great bid for favor down over your ears after you are is the size and shape of her head. It forty unless you have no objections to looking sixty.

Be sure and carry your head properly—do ot stick your chin out agrees then was consistent with the Greek idea of beauty, but she cunningly disguises this fact by combing perly—do ot stick your chin out agrees and carry your head properly—do ot stick your chin out agrees and open of the modern of the modestly. A stalwart figure in khaki with a corporal's chevrons on his sleeve and a bright little girl of nineteen, whose wispo of curiy brown hair were blown across her slightly bronzed, delicately tinted cheeks by the light, evening breeze, strolled side by side in the good position for your head is to stand up with your toes and nose against a wall.

"Tell me, Miss Maynard," asked the soldier, "who got up this affair?"

"but I'm off. G'by, Harry." nounced that they might have the day to themselves, and Harry, bursting him in amazement, as he slowly trud- about nineteen, little wisps of brown gether?" persisted Ewing. "Why did into his tent with the news, found Ar. ged out of the tent and down the waving hair playing about her slight-

against a wall.

Ah, cut it," protested the other, he was looking for. Vaulting over a tory tie through his stiff white col-We're gonns have a ball game this low fence, he made for a large barn lar. min and disappeared within. utes later a low, musical voice at the be a deserter.

"Help me up, Margie," he said.

He sank back on the pillow with a

was not going to get well, Margie?"

will try not to worry, won't you?"

Oh, little book. I wish, most sincere-

me and nothing else counts."

with Dick than I did.

I door caused him to wheel around sudly bronzed, delicately tinted cheeks, For two or three miles he walked frowned at him, and pointed at a bun-"Where y' going?" he demanded, on, through Gettysburg, and then out ying the bundle a curious glance. "Over to Abbottstown—for the y' y ouchated Arthur, briefly." You chaled Arthur, briefly. "You chaled Arthur, briefly." Sed an old stone trestle he saw what sers and coat, busily pulling a refraction of the color of the sed and stone trestle he saw what sers and coat, busily pulling a refraction of the color of their first sed and stone trestle he saw what sers and coat, busily pulling a refraction of the color of their first sed and old stone trestle he saw what sers and coat, busily pulling a refraction of the color of their first sed and old stone trestle he saw what sers and coat, busily pulling a refraction of the color of the color

When a woman has thick dark hair.

"I wouldn't," said the girl.

"I'm not deserting," flared Ewing two bright sports of color rushing to her cheeks. "I'm just taking a holi

day for the day. "Why the chance of clothes," she persisted, and she pointed again to the uniform. "Are you—ashamed—

cities and California is my pet strenuous fears had slipped from his "No," came his proud reply, and his ead shot erect. "I'm proud of them. head shot erect. Nowhere are the skies so blue as in California; nowhere does the sun seem where we had started that wonderful shun those who wear them. So I'm as golden; nowhere does the air have night when we took that wild ride, going over to Abbottstown—as a plain that "feel" of being laundered and while he comforted me and told me man—just for a day. People will no our lives were going to be one grand tice me then," he added, bitterly. Then our lives were going to be one grand a hot wave of resentment surging

through him, caused him to add "Why-why are we outcasts?" of love for everyone. I feel as Jim "But, Dick, the doctor said you must Edie used to say ne felt after eating a lie flat on your back until your heart is "I wouldn't say that," answered the girl, quietly. "But'll I'll admit we're not allowed to talk to you. So many he could possibly hold, Jim would fetch sigh and asked, "Did the doctor say I of the soldiers are not gentlemen. One of them insulted a girl in town last

"How foolish, Dick He said your heart was weak from overwork and week." "One of them!" he echoed, thunderingly. "Just because of one you conprobably from some severe strain you demn thousands. A preacher was diput upon it, but he hoped with the rest vorced last week. Is that a sign all you will have out here that you will o fthem are bad?" and the perfect freedom from worry

come out all right. Now, Dick, you Dick looked up with a smile. "Why to yourselves? Then you wouldn't should I worry? You are here with be snubbed."

will appear in the liquid. "Why do we have to be snubbed, you mean?" he shot right back. y I wish, that I could put away in my "We're going out to fight your battles is not found in the juices of raw fruits, sufficiently exhausts the pectin. -yours and your sister's-and your Yet the juices extracted by cooking are forgettery he fact that in times past many other things counted much more father's, brother's and mother's. We're full of the substance. Thus the best leaving bright, happy homes, good po and most economical method of ex fruit, discard any unsound parts, cut

asking that. We're glad to go. We couldn't hold our heads up and be proud if we didn't. But we'll pull out of his town next Friday, and we'll be almost glad of it. For there's not a mother's son of us who wouldn't prefer the hottest, blindest curtain fire to the withering, snobbish scorn of you-you, that we're going to fight I'm tired of it. I'm going-I'll

be back this afternoon.

Ewing started to leave the barn, his eyes straight ahead, when he felt a hand on his sleeve and, turning he saw that her free hand was hiding her face, down which the tears were freely coursing. Immediately he re-

"Excuse me for being so rough," he pleaded gently. "I didn't mean to

"But you have," she answered, through her tears, "Because it's the truth. But please please don't do what you're doing. You—you'll be caught—and locked up in the guard-

"No danger of that, little lady," he answerred confidently. "No one will see me.

"But they will," she persisted. "My father is home. He saw you come in to this barn. He's sucpicious already. -I came to warn you."

"You-you come to warn me!" he echoed wonderingly. "You risked that-for me? But, surely, your fath-

er wouldn't object?"
"Yes, but he would." she anwered
firmly. "He's a captain, Capt. Maynard, of the 8th Infantry. But tell me-what's your company?" "Company L. 18th Infantry," he re

plied mechanically, still under her charm, then he added, "but why do you want to know, Miss Maynard?" "I can't tell you, now," she answer-ed, his eyes twinkling mysteriously, 'but you'll know later. Now please

change-will you?"
She reached out her hand, with a pleading look in her misty eyes, and he grasped it and held it soberly for a brief instant.

"I'll do it, Miss Maynard," he answered, quickly. "But tell me-will I see you again?"

that grows as does Frances White's "You may,' she answered, with a and a youthful face, nothing can be bright smile, and in another minute more beautiful than to comb it she was gone. For a minute he stared after her ,then started to change Many women make a great misake his clothes. his clothes. A few minutes later a figure in khaki emerged from the in not studying the size and contour of the head. By studying one's face Of the head. By studying one's face barn, and with a wisiful smile over and head one can cover up defects as his shoulder at a distant house, turn-who dances exquisitely and sing mod-well as accentuate beauties.

A stalwart figure in khaki with a

soldier, "who got up this affair?"
"I did." confessed the girl, in a low "I got the girls together and planned this dance as a farewell party to the 8th hand the 18th. I had to coax papa a little. He said it was against the regulations, but finally he

they come?"

"Because they were ashamed," confessed them ashamed, as you made get it." ded, "Are you enjoying yourself?"

Margaret-you're wonderful. For me, a total stranger, you risked everything first, your fathers anger, then the to his.

End o' Season Clean-Up

Osgoods

End o' Season Clean-Up

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anger of your friends. I'll never for- into small sections (skins and seeds) making process decreases as the pro-"But you're risking more-your

life," she retored. "That will be nothing," he whisper-er, "if somewhere in France I can

"Yes, on account of you," came his vibrant answer. "Miss Maynard— Margaret, will you risk—a kiss?" lence ,then turned two warm, red lips

She regarded him a moment in si-

fruit, success or failure depends the proportion of sugar used. For most juices rich in pectin and fairly rect proportion of sugar to juice by vol-

included), cover with water and pro-ceed as in the case of very juicy fruits. rant juice, 8 to 10 minutes is sufficient Assuming the juice has been obtain- for making jelly from the first extraced from a naturally good jelly-making tion, while raspberries, apples and the like lay demand 20 to 3 Jelly should be made as quickly as

possible. No simmering for hours acidic, for the first extraction the corume usually varies from 3-4 part to 1 ing the sugar hot (reated through) is part, or 1 to 1. Currants and grapes that the total cooking process may not usually demand 1 part sugar to 1 of be prolonged by partial cooling. The juice, while 3.4 to 1 is likely to be time required for boiling after the surcorrect for juices from fruits to which ar is added varies. Our jelly test is much water must be added, such as that point at which the boiling mass sour apples. "jells," sheets off, or breaks off, as a Better err on the side of too little portion of it is allowed to drop from rather than too much sugar if jelly the stirring spoon. When the jelly is that "will stand alone" is desired.

The total time required for the jelly time should be lost in removing it.

Pectin in Fruit Juice Is What Makes Your Jelly, Says Expert

(The most noted and most quoted work on jelly-making is a University of Illinois bulletin by Miss N. E. Goldthwaite. Both experienced housewives and beginners will appreciate the following ex-cerpts from these authoritative pages.)

By N. E. GOLDTHWAITE. Fruit juice consists largely of water in which are dissolved small amounts of flavoring materials, sugar, vegetable acids, and a substance called pectin. The pectin is the essential jelly through making substance. It is impossible to make jelly from a juice lacking pec-

Presence of pectin can readily be as-"No!' she admitted, and the truth certained by adding to a given volume fairly well drained out, do not squeeze of his challenge caused her to hang of the hot cooked juice an equal the pulp for a second quality of tally her head. "But why don't you stick amount of grain alcohol (90 to 95 per but untie the cheese cloth, return pulp cent), mixing thoroughly and cooling;

tracting juices from fruits is indicated; cook them out.

If a very juicy fruit, as currants raspberries and the like is being used place the clean fruit in an enameled preserving kettle, add just enough water to prevent burning, cover, cook slowly, stirring occasionally with a wood or silver spoon.

When the simmering point is reached, crush the fruit further with a well soaked wooden masher, then continue heating until the whole mass is cooked Transfer the hot mass to a sufficient-

ly large piece of cheesecloth wrung out of hot water and let the juice drain into an earthenware receptacle. When to the kettle, cover with water, stir if pectin is present a gelatinous mass boil, and drain again. Some fruits will show pectin even up to the fifth ex-Curiously enough, pectin frequently traction, but usually a third extraction

To extract the juice from hard fruits, apple, quince and the like, wash the Do You Always Insist on

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I HADN'T BETTER

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